

# Gallipolis Journal.

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"Truth and Justice."

[AT ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE]

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Number 32.

## PARODY ON HOHENLINDEN.

In seasons when our funds are low,  
Subscribers are provoking slow,  
And new supplies keep up the flow  
Of dimes, departing rapidly.

But we shall see a sadder sight,  
When *duns* pour in from morn till night,  
Commanding every sixpence bright  
To be forked over speedily.

Our bonds and due-bills are arrayed—  
Each seal and signature's displayed—  
The holders vow they must be paid  
With threats of "Law and Chancery."

Then to despair we're almost driven—  
There's precious little use in livin',  
When our last copper's rudely riven  
From hands that held it lovingly.

But longer yet these duns shall grow  
When interests added on below,  
Length'ning our chain a foot or so,  
While gazing at them hopelessly.

'Tis so, that scarce have we begun  
To plead for time upon a dun;  
Before there comes some other one  
Demanding pay ferociously.

The prospect darkens. On, ye brave,  
Who would our very bacon save!  
Waive, Patrons! all your pretenses waive!  
And pay the Printer cheerfully.

Ah! it would yield us pleasure sweet,  
A few delinquents now to meet,  
Asking of us a clear receipt  
For papers taken regularly.

## THE FAREWELL.

Says doctor to toper—old toper refilling  
His glass with "blue ruin," that's made  
By distilling.

"Your eyes are inflamed, and you must  
I am thinking,  
Soon part with them wholly unless you  
quit drinking."

The toper took up and gazed on his liba-  
tion:  
And he sighed as he thought on his 'sad  
situation."

And just as the glass to his parched  
lips was risen,  
He exclaimed, "Farewell eyes?" and  
down went the "pizen."

[Springfield Republic.

WOMEN.—The following passage is  
from Rural Hours, by Miss Cooper,  
daughter of the late J. Fenimore  
Cooper. It beautifully expresses the  
sentiments of all woman of pure feel-  
ings and correct principles:

"We American women certainly owe a  
debt of gratitude to our countrymen  
for their kindness and consideration of  
us generally. Gallantry may not al-  
ways take a graceful form in this part  
of the world, and mere flattery may be  
worth as little here as elsewhere; but  
there is a glow of generous feeling to-  
ward women in the hearts of most  
American men which is highly honorable  
to them as a nation and as individuals.

In no country is the protection given to  
women's helplessness more full and free;  
in no country is the assistance she re-  
ceives from the stronger arm so general;  
and nowhere does her weakness meet  
with more forbearance and considera-  
tion. Under such circumstances, it  
must be woman's own fault if she be  
not thoroughly respected also. The  
position accorded to her is favorable—  
It remains for her to fill it in a manner  
worthy her own sex, gratefully, kindly  
and simply; with truth and modesty of  
heart and life; unwavering fidelity of  
feeling and principle; with patience,  
cheerfulness, and sweetness of temper  
—no unfit return to those who smooth  
the daily path for her.

"YOUR PAPER DID NOT COME, SIR."  
We recommend a careful perusal of the  
following plain statement, both to post-  
masters and subscribers. It is from a  
paper called "The Advance," published  
at Hernando, Mississippi:

The uncertain delivery of papers at  
country post offices, is often the ground  
of complaint against publishers and edi-  
tors. Many of the offices are poorly  
supplied with the conveniences of tak-  
ing care of papers, no matter with what  
certainty they arrive. The papers are  
tumbled into a few pigeon-holes, or piled  
upon the desk, box or barrel, to  
wait the call of subscribers, in the  
midst of boots, hats, bridles, horse-col-  
lars, and other coarse wares, which may  
be called for during the day by custom-  
ers. Country postmasters, in most cases,  
being engaged in some mercantile  
business, many papers find their way in-  
to some obscure corner, where they are  
hid for a time from human eyes as  
completely as if buried in a mountain  
cave. In the meantime, the man comes  
for his paper and it can't be found; of  
course, he didn't come. The indignant  
subscriber, consequently, abuses the ras-  
cally editor, and perhaps calls for pen,  
ink, and paper, to write a letter of  
complaint about not sending his paper punc-  
tually, when, if the said paper were  
endowed with speech, it would cry out,  
"here I am squeezed to death behind  
this box, or under this barrel." We  
have seen just such things at many  
country post offices elsewhere, as well  
as in this county. These remarks have  
no reference to any particular office, but  
are meant for all where they will ap-  
ply.

SMART.—"Why, Mr. B.," said a tall  
young man to a little person in company with  
half a dozen huge men, "I protest you  
are so small I did not see you before."  
"Very likely," replied the little man, "I  
am like a sixpence among six copper  
pennies, not readily perceived, but  
worth the whole of them."

[From the Boston Courier, June 10.]  
The Jews in Palestine.

Recent accounts from the Holy Land  
represent the condition of the Jews in  
that country as most lamentable; and  
there is abundant evidence that these  
people are suffering great distress from  
destitution. Their sufferings have been  
occasioned partly by the failure of the  
last harvest, which has raised the price  
of food to an enormous height, and  
partly by the present war and political  
disturbances, and the diminution of the  
resources for the support of the poor  
derived from other countries. These  
contributions—the greater part of which  
were furnished by Russia—are now al-  
most entirely cut off, and the causes of  
destitution have resulted in a famine ag-  
gravated to a fearful degree by sickness  
from hunger and distress, under which  
the country is now suffering to an un-  
paralleled extent.

An eminent Hebrew of London, Sir  
Moses Montefiore, who has lately re-  
turned from a visit to Palestine, has  
published in the London papers an ap-  
peal on behalf of his fellow country-  
men. In a letter addressed to Dr. Alder,  
of London, he says:

"For the sake of Zion I cannot re-  
main silent, and for the sake of Jeru-  
salem I cannot rest until the whole house  
of Israel have been made acquainted  
with the lamentable condition of those  
of our brethren who devotedly cling to  
the soil sacred to the memory of our  
patriarchs, prophets, and kings."

"Thrice having visited the Holy Land,  
it was my earnest desire fully to inform  
myself as to the condition of our breth-  
ren there, for whom my deepest feelings  
of commiseration were excited, in re-  
gard to the amount of misery endured  
by them."

"Poverty in the East differs vastly  
from the like calamity experienced in  
Western Europe, inasmuch as the capa-  
bility to relieve is, in the East, confined  
within the narrowest bounds, and re-  
stricted to a very limited number—  
Such being the general outline of the  
condition of our brethren in Judea, my  
feelings were most naturally aroused in  
their behalf."

"Judge to what extent my sympa-  
thies are now awakened when, as I in-  
form you, that from the harrowing in-  
telligence it has been my painful lot to  
receive, I learn that 'fathers in Israel'  
—men profoundly learned in the law,  
who, so that they may die near the  
graves of our forefathers, submit to live  
in the most abject poverty—are now  
impelled by the very love they bear  
their children, to sell them to the stran-  
ger, so, to use their own words, 'that  
their offspring may be spared death—  
death from starvation.'"

The Hebrews of Jerusalem have also  
issued an "Appeal to the Congregations  
of Great Britain and America." The  
following are extracts:

"Ye sunken gates of Zion be exalted,  
and receive within the portals thereof  
your elders and your wardens, who,  
trumpet-tongued, shall proclaim that the  
staff of bread is broken, and the stay of  
water is wasted."

"Assembly, ye scribes, and publish the  
history of famine and pestilence, that  
it may be borne to the remotest com-  
munities of Israel, and become the writ-  
tens messenger of the distress of the  
indwellers of Zion, that it may thereby  
awaken a nation's sympathies; and if  
misery has dried up the sources of elo-  
quence wherewith to sustain your ap-  
peal, supplicate the Almighty that He,  
in His mercy, may incline the hearts of  
your brethren of the house of Jacob to  
hasten to relieve the anguish of your  
drooping spirits."

"Brethren of the house of Israel,  
who sojourn in happy England and  
America, arouse yourselves and save  
from annihilation the remnant of the  
faithful watchers of Zion and Jerusa-  
lem."

"We lack the power to give even a  
faint idea of the misery we are endur-  
ing: every heart has become sick, every  
tongue stricken dumb."

"Behold we are utterly prostrated,  
both in mind and in body, incompetent  
to proclaim the severity of the visitation  
that is consuming us."

"Starvation and pestilence walk hand  
in hand, and the wail of the poor, the  
widow and the orphan is borne on the  
air. It is difficult to say whose suffer-  
ings are the greater—the miseries of  
those born under the sun of Judea, or  
of the holy pilgrims from distant lands.  
All classes of society, all grades and  
conditions, have become united in the  
brotherhood of woe; heads of syna-  
gogues and their pious sons, learned  
rabbis and their scholars mix in the  
crowd to supplicate and beg a mouldy  
crust. Even that assistance which has  
hitherto reached us from our brethren  
in the Russian and Turkish dominions  
is now, in consequence of the war, cut  
off."

"The death has raised the price of  
food to an enormous height, and its re-  
sults are a state of anarchy and confu-  
sion, in which every man's hand is  
raised against his brother, and violence  
is becoming rife in the land; for who  
can endure with uncomplaining fortitude  
that horrible death—death by famine—  
and see day by day the wife of his youth  
and the children of his love sink into  
the grave without an effort to relieve  
them."

"Brethren! if you could but witness  
the misery we are enduring—the widow  
running to and fro, asking the refuse of  
food for her starving orphans, and men

profoundly learned in the law, formerly,  
through their abundant charity, the stay  
of the community, now wandering up  
and down the streets of Jerusalem seek-  
ing alms, aye, seeking bread, your hearts  
would melt in compassion."

"Already, dreadful to relate, the  
father traffics for the sale of his child to  
the stranger, so that his offspring may be  
spared death from starvation; for be it  
known that the offspring of our nation  
here, in all the frightful horrors  
which at present exist, have never been  
surpassed."

"We have the best assurance that this  
appalling picture of wretchedness and  
suffering is not exaggerated, and that  
the condition of the Jews in Palestine  
at this moment is such as to deserve the  
practical sympathy of those to whom  
their appeal is addressed. It is to be  
hoped that in our own favored land—  
uncursed with war, unvisited by famine,  
or pestilence, but abounding in the  
wealth and comfort secured by peace  
and good government—this appeal will  
not be made in vain. It strikes us that  
if certain American clergymen were to  
preach to-morrow the doctrines of true  
Christian charity on the subject of this  
most touching invocation, instead of  
exerting themselves to stir up party  
strife and add new gall and bitterness to  
the political animosities of the country,  
they would approach vastly nearer to  
the true discharge of their sacred func-  
tions than they are now in the habit of  
doing."

We copy, below, a letter ad-  
dressed to the public by Mr. James  
Crutcher, of Elizabethtown, who was  
one of the Hardin county jury on the  
trial of Matt. Ward. We copy it partly  
because we are requested to do so, partly  
because its author, prior to Ward's  
trial, always possessed the undivided re-  
spect of his fellow-citizens, and partly  
because we think that our readers would  
like to see it. The latter reason alone  
might well be deemed sufficient. Mr.  
Crutcher, it must be confessed, does not  
speak in the tone of a man confident of  
having judged correctly.—*Low Jour.*

## TO THE PUBLIC.

It is a duty I owe to myself and  
friends to publish to the world my posi-  
tion, course, and cause of action as one  
of the jurymen upon the trial of Matt.  
F. Ward for the killing of W. H. G.  
Butler, and thus I hope, by placing my-  
self in a proper light before the commu-  
nity, to correct the false and slanderous  
reports that have been so mercilessly  
circulated against me since the trial by  
some, too, who I think ought to have  
cherished kinder feelings for me than to  
have given currency to such infamous  
charges without knowing them to be true.

As an honest man before God, I will  
detail the facts in the case, if I know  
them, and I hope and believe a generous  
people will appreciate what I state in  
defense of my reputation that has been  
so ruthlessly assailed.

Before I was put on the trial of  
Ward, I had not read one syllable in any  
of the public prints, about his having  
killed Butler. I had heard only vague  
and indefinite reports about the melan-  
choly occurrence, from which I could  
not and had not formed any opinion. I  
had no reliable information upon which  
to base an opinion; and no man can,  
with an honest heart, say he ever heard  
me express an opinion before the trial. I  
knew nothing of the evidence in the  
case, and could not from any other  
source form an opinion. I did not and  
could not have done so; such is not my  
manner of speaking. It is true I had  
heard the matter spoken about on sev-  
eral occasions, and had heard some of  
the citizens of Hardin county speaking  
of the manner in which the county jail  
was fitted up for Ward, and some of  
them objected to the county's paying  
any expenses that might accrue for re-  
pairs done for the accommodation of  
Ward. While the trial was pending,  
and after the evidence was all taken,  
both for and against the prosecution, I  
discovered a part of the jury were for  
the prisoner, and a few of them said  
very little any way.

After the pleadings were concluded,  
and the charge given by the court to  
the jury, we retired to the jury room,  
and very soon there was a proposition  
made by some one of the jury for all  
those in favor of the prisoner to mani-  
fest it by holding up the right hand, and  
eight of them immediately showed their  
hands. Falling in that effort, the next  
proposition was made by R. M. McIn-  
tire, by drawing three columns, and  
heading them

GUILTY. | MANSLAUGHTER. | NOT GUILTY.

McIntire and myself set our names  
down under the head of manslaughter;  
all the other jurymen set their names  
under the head of not guilty. We re-  
mained in that condition about an hour,  
deliberating on the different versions of  
law and evidence given by the lawyers,  
when McIntire invited me into a private  
room. He then told me the odds were  
too great, and he believed we had as  
well go with the stronger party. I told  
him I could not do that. He then told  
me he should go for the prisoner, and  
he did leave me alone and turn over to  
the other jurymen in favor of an ac-  
quittal. The next morning we left our  
lodgings and repaired to the jury-room  
in the court-house. I told them I did  
not feel willing to give up my position;  
that I was not satisfied about the evi-  
dence. I had either forgotten or did  
not understand as they did, and if they  
would send down to the court and get

the evidence, and it was in accordance  
with what they said, and the instructions  
of the court, I would certainly hold out  
no longer.

McIntire then drew from his pocket a  
paper containing notes of the evidence  
he had taken. He said he would go be-  
fore a magistrate and swear they were  
correct, and that Quigley had stated  
that Butler had pressed Ward back to  
the wall, and proffered to give me his  
certificate to that effect, if I required.—  
I told him he was a sworn juror, and I  
was bound to take his word, for the  
other jurymen concurred with him in  
saying he had the evidence of Quigley  
verbatim, and that his evidence sustained  
some of the evidence for the defense;  
and that we would be bound to acquit  
the prisoner according to the instructions  
of the court; that, if the jury believed  
from the evidence that Ward was  
pressed back to the wall, and was in  
danger of his life or great bodily harm,  
it would be their duty to acquit. The  
instructions of the court, as well as I  
could recollect them, were about these,  
in meaning at least: If the jury be-  
lieved, from the evidence, that Butler  
was killed through malice, they would  
return a verdict of guilty; if they be-  
lieved it was done in the sudden heat of  
passion, and not through malice, it  
would be manslaughter; and, if they  
believed it was done in self-defense, that  
Ward was in danger of his life or great  
bodily harm, it would be their duty to  
return a verdict of acquittal.

I could not believe it was done  
through malice; I could not believe that  
Ward went to the school-room with the  
intention of killing Butler; but I was of  
opinion that the fatal deed was done at  
the moment in the sudden heat of pas-  
sion. The other jurymen believed, or  
so expressed themselves, that Ward  
acted only in defense of his own person.  
And thus we differed till within three  
minutes of our leaving the jury-room  
to return the verdict. It is not true, as  
has been stated, that the verdict was  
made up the evening before. There is  
not one word of truth in it. I did not  
yield my position till a few moments be-  
fore we returned the verdict to the court.  
I had told the jury, from the poor,  
weakly, and emaciated condition of the  
prisoner, if I could believe he was  
pressed back to the wall, and acted  
only in defense of his person, that he  
was in danger of great bodily injury, I  
would hold out no longer, but would be  
bound to agree to his acquittal with the  
rest of the jury. McIntire's notes of  
the evidence, and the concurrence of  
the other jurymen with him, did cause  
me to give up. I believed them to be  
honest in the opinions they expressed.  
I did not suspect them of imposing on  
my credulity, and I can only say, if I  
did wrong by agreeing to Ward's ac-  
quittal, I did it unintentionally, and I  
did it through the best and purest of  
motives. I may have been influenced  
by the pitiable condition of the prisoner  
at the bar; I may have been influenced  
by the eloquent appeals of his lawyers  
to the jury for sympathy; but I was  
doubtless more influenced by the other  
jurymen than any thing else. I was not,  
however, aware of it at the time. I  
was not aware of influence thrown  
around me to decoy me from the posi-  
tion I had taken. If I committed an  
error, it was one of the head, and not  
of the heart. Whatever may have  
been the spring of action of the  
other jurymen I do not know; if any of  
them were bribed I had no knowledge  
of it, and it is a matter with them and  
their God.

It has been widely circulated in some  
of the public prints, that the case was  
tried and the prisoner acquitted by a  
bribe jury; and in Hardin county, where  
the trial was held, it has been told  
how much each of the jurymen  
received. It has been told that I re-  
ceived \$750, \$1,000, \$1,700. Such  
charges and such reports about me are  
as low, mean, and despicable as the  
author, who is as blackhearted a demon  
of hell as ever disgraced the name of  
humanity. The infernal charges are  
false, malicious, and without the slight-  
est foundation. I think it is a hard case  
when a man is acting in the discharge  
of a most solemn duty, as I was on the  
Ward trial, to be pursued with such  
hellish charges and unmitigated false-  
hoods, by some, too, who are most dis-  
tinguished by honor and respectability. But  
it seems to be the peculiar pleasure and  
delight of some low-minded, groveling  
beings in human shape, with the form  
and features of men, but actuated  
only by false, envious, and malicious  
feelings, to take great pleasure in de-  
faming others and spreading evil reports  
to ruin their reputation, and to degrade  
them to a level with themselves. But  
the generous-hearted are always ready  
to show mercy and forgive even the  
most abject wretch, and nothing shows a  
nobler mind than lenity and sympathy  
for the unfortunate.

I may have done wrong; I have faults  
as other men; I am not exempt from  
wrong; it is human to err; other men  
may err as well as I, and I can do  
wrong as well as they, and many may  
accuse me of just what they might have  
been guilty of themselves. I have  
through life endeavored to conduct my-  
self in an honest and correct manner; I  
have endeavored to be a good neighbor,  
kind and obliging, a good husband, and  
a kind father; and have I not been re-  
spected and respected? and have I not  
served on juries almost every year for  
the last thirty years? and have I ever  
before been charged with dishonesty?

The charges have been fostered by the  
excited and indignant feelings of a giddy  
crowd—they have magnified mole-hills  
into mountains.

And now I appeal to the magnani-  
mity and generosity of the people to do  
me justice. Prove me guilty and then  
condemn me; but in the name of hu-  
manity and common sense, and in the  
absence of all proof of my guilt, how  
can you condemn me? You cannot do  
it; you ought not to do it; and you have  
no right to do it. You do yourselves  
wrong and do me great injustice. I  
know and feel that great injustice has  
been done me. From my enemies I ex-  
pect nothing but persecution; from  
wicked hearts bent on evil I can expect  
nothing better than vile and slanderous  
epithets. But I should deem it ex-  
tremely unkind for any who have been  
my friends, and who have known me  
for thirty or forty years, to reiterate  
those mendacious and unworthy epithets  
against one that knows and feels the  
deep wounds that have been so wantonly  
and wrongly inflicted.

And now that I am sixty years of  
age, standing at the head of a large and  
I trust respectable family, may I not  
hope to appeal with some degree of  
success, to the reflecting men who have  
so long known me, to rescue me from  
the unhalloved efforts to sink me and  
my family, without the knowledge of a  
single fact upon which to base even a  
remote suspicion that I was influenced  
by corrupt motives.

JAMES CRUTCHER.  
HARDIN COUNTY, June 20, 1854.

## A NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN.

I was sitting dosing in my easy chair,  
when a tremendous knocking was heard  
at the door. The servant opened it,  
when a man rushed in, in the wildest  
disorder.

"For God's sake, doctor, said he,  
'come with me, it's a case of life and  
death. A young girl has stabbed her-  
self. she is bleeding to death. One  
thousand dollars to save her! Come, oh,  
do not delay!' and he rushed toward me  
as if to drag me along."

I hurried away with him, snatched  
my instruments from the table as I passed  
it. I think I never saw before such a  
convulsive grief as this man's face ex-  
pressed.

He was a handsome man with one of  
those faces the ladies admire, jet black  
hair, clustering in waving curls over a  
white forehead. The lower part of his  
other feminine features was relieved by  
a deep jet black beard. I asked him  
the particulars of the case.

"Doctor," said he, "make haste. I  
shall go mad. Why, I would give every  
drop of blood in this body to save one  
of her's. Oh, God!" said he, "preserve  
my reason. She stabbed herself be-  
fore I could prevent her. Make haste.  
Oh, my God! my God!"

We reached the house. On a satin  
couch, in a splendid room, the rich Tur-  
key carpet covered with blood, lay a  
young girl. I think I never saw such a  
beautiful creature. Even with pallid  
countenance and bloodless lips, she was  
more of heaven than earth. What she  
was when the rose played on her downy  
cheeks I could not fancy.

There was a deep wound over the  
heart, and it was quite evident that the  
blow had been given with right good  
will. On the floor, covered with blood  
lay the weapon—a slight Damascus  
dagger, the handle richly set with  
pearls, strongly lit up with the reflection  
from the blood-stained ivory.

I was too late! Alas, the life blood was  
slowly dropping away. The master-  
piece of creation was soon to be cold and  
inanimate. She slowly opened her eyes  
and fixed them with dying love upon  
the young man who had summoned me  
to this scene of death.

"Sidney," said he, "Sidney, I am dy-  
ing. My own Sidney, I could not live  
neglected. I told you I would love you  
to death. Kiss me, Sidney." She sank  
back, and death closed over her victim.

My companion sat for some time  
strangely staring at the lifeless form on  
the couch. I could perceive that reason  
was tottering on its foundation. He  
was fascinated by his strange look. At  
last I went to him. "Sir," said I, "she  
is no more; Death has released her  
from her troubles."

"Death! did you say she is dead, doctor?"  
said he with a strange and curious  
look at me. "Ah, you have murdered  
her," yelled the madman—for such he  
was now. "You have murdered her,  
and I—I shall murder you. Ah! ah!  
it will be rare sport." Before I could  
prevent him, he had picked up the dag-  
ger. "I will stab you in the same place.  
Oh, it will be rare sport to see you groan  
and struggle like she did. Ah! and he  
made a bound at me. Now this was a  
far from pleasant. In fact, it was a very  
awkward fix to be in. I did not know  
how to act. The madman made a grab  
at me, but fortunately I eluded his  
grasp, and thinking it better to fight in  
the dark, I seized the light and cast it  
on the floor. The room was now dark.  
The madman set up a terrific yelling,  
and I could hear him lock the door and  
put the key in his pocket, while he kept  
muttering, 'I will kill him, Oh, it will  
be rare sport to see him die like she  
did.'"

I felt my courage rise with the emer-  
gency. I half determined to have a  
struggle with him, but I knew the in-  
creased strength that the insane possess,  
and I thought it scarcely prudent. What  
should I do? I must do something. It

would soon be daylight, when I would  
be in his power. I felt for some weapon  
with which to defend myself, and, as  
luck would have it, found a heavy  
dumb bell in the corner where it lay  
concealed. Presently I heard the mad-  
man slowly searching for me. I raised  
the dumb bell; "May God forgive me,"  
I said; it decended, and I was free.—  
The madman lay stunned on the floor.  
I rushed to the door, smashed in the  
lock with the heavy metal, and rushed  
down stairs. Presently the house was  
all in a commotion. Oh, what a scene!  
the girl dead in a pool of blood, the  
man insensible on the floor, with the  
dagger firmly clutched in his hand. I  
bled him and he slowly recovered. But  
reason never returned.

He is a madman to this day. I never  
heard the history of my patient of that  
night. They were strangers in the house.  
I never shall forget that night's  
adventure.

Ex-Alderman Wesley Smith, of  
New York, who has just returned from  
St. Petersburg, whither he proceeded  
in March last on private business, said  
to relate to building several ships for  
the Emperor, has returned home and  
furnishes the Evening Post with his ex-  
perience and observations in the capital  
of the Russian Empire. The Post  
says:

His observations in Russia have con-  
vinced him of the determination and  
the ability of the Russians to sustain  
the war in which they are now engaged  
in face of the most energetic operations  
of the combined assailants. Some four-  
teen hundred thousand men are al-  
ready under arms, available at any mo-  
ment for the Czar, and in the most per-  
fect state of discipline.

It was Mr. Smith's fortune to witness  
a review of 60,000 of them under the  
supervision of the Emperor, on the  
parade ground near St. Petersburg.—  
Previously to marching to the field, he  
states, the soldiers pass through the  
cathedrals of the capital, receiving there  
the last rites of the Greek religion.—  
They are thus prepared to throw away  
their lives in battle with a willingness  
which resembles the fanatical reckless-  
ness of the disciples of Mohammed.

Mr. Smith describes the entire popu-  
lation as filled with enthusiasm for  
the prosecution of the war, which is regard-  
ed as a sort of crusade for the defense  
of the Greek church.

Demidoff has already voluntarily  
proffered to the Emperor the gift of a  
million of rubles, equivalent to \$750,-  
000. Another nobleman has done the  
same, while the various officers in com-  
mand have insisted on offering the half  
of their salaries for the public service.  
Even the most delicate ladies in the up-  
per classes are engaged in performing  
such menial duties as the scraping of  
lint for the soldiers who are about en-  
tering the field of war.

Every precaution has been adopted  
to secure the army against the recur-  
rence of the disasters which are report-  
ed to have attended its movements on the  
shores of the Black Sea. Most of the  
chief military officers and engineers  
have had a thorough training in France  
or England, and some of the most dis-  
tinguished are natives of those countries,  
who have become loyal subjects of the  
Czar.

Among the numerous mementoes of  
his tour which Mr. Smith has brought  
home, are some daguerreotype portraits  
of his friend, Dr. Kottman, a surgeon  
and a citizen of Louisiana, who stands  
very high in the confidence of the Em-  
peror, from whom he has received, be-  
sides various military honors, the post  
of private secretary.

Mr. Smith states that the principle  
cause of the advantage gained by the  
allied forces over the Russians was their  
practice of taking the Russian officers  
as the first marks for their bullets. The  
Russian armies, without their leaders,  
are utterly powerless, and can be shot  
down like so many cattle. They have  
learned nothing except to obey the or-  
ders of their superiors. In order to  
avoid any future calamities of this kind,  
the officers and men are to be clothed  
alike, or at least so as to be undistin-  
guishable by the enemy.

Mr. Smith, while residing in St. Pe-  
tersburg, was treated with great consid-  
eration by the magnates of the Em-  
pire, and was elected by them a mem-  
ber of the English Club—a club so call-  
ed from the adoption of the English sys-  
tem of club rules—to which the Em-  
peror and his sons belong.

The Americans, he remarks, are  
treated with the most fraternal cordial-  
ity, and his own reception has, doubtless,  
somewhat contributed to the favorable  
estimate which he has formed of the  
Russian nobility and people. He in-  
forms us that the same effect has been  
produced in the minds of the entire  
American diplomatic corps in Europe,  
including Mason, our Minister to  
France; Buchanan, Howthorne, and  
Sickles, who, as he says, are "Russian  
to the backbone." Their sympathies  
are wholly with the Czar. Mr. Seymour,  
however, the American minister to Rus-  
sia, whose important dispatch Mr.  
Smith has just left at Washington—  
where a great sensation, it is reported,  
has followed the perusal of them—is  
discreetly silent.

Mr. Smith tells us that the people of  
Russia are extremely devout and ob-  
servant of religious ceremonies. A

manifestation of this trait, combined  
with the sentiment which gives rise to  
ostentatious courtesies, he will, we hope,  
forgive us for mentioning.

On Easter-Sunday, he was surprised  
in the street of St. Petersburg by a  
Baroness of his acquaintance, who, af-  
ter presenting him with an egg fashion-  
ed of beautifully ornamented glass, de-  
liberately kissed him on each side of the  
face, and then on the mouth. This ex-  
ample was copied by several other of  
his lady acquaintances among the most  
noble and refined in the capital. Sever-  
al of these eggs Mr. Smith has brought  
home with him.

## Astonishing the Moslems

A late English paper contains the fol-  
lowing interesting anecdote, illustrating  
the value of a recent American inven-  
tion:

In Daghestan, a young Lezhian  
chief, being severely wounded during  
one of the frequent razzias of the Rus-  
sians, took refuge in a ruined saki, in  
order to apply bandages to his wounds.

While thus employed, he was discov-  
ered by a party of twelve dismounted  
dragoons, who immediately gave chase,  
on his taking flight. Being fleet on  
foot, for a short while he outran them,  
during which time such of them as had  
their carbines, loaded and fired at him  
ineffectually. Having crossed one of  
the flexible bridges, common in that  
country, and which was over a rapid  
torrent at the foot of a mountain, the  
fugitive finding himself unable to pro-  
ceed much further, and having time to  
put his arms in order, stood at bay un-  
der a projecting rock. With yells of de-  
light and uplifted sabres, the Russians  
approached the bridge.

The foremost nearing him, cried,  
'Yield dog.' 'Not whilst I have twelve  
lives at my girdle,' cried the undaunted  
mountaineer.

The Russians in the rear laughed  
loudly at